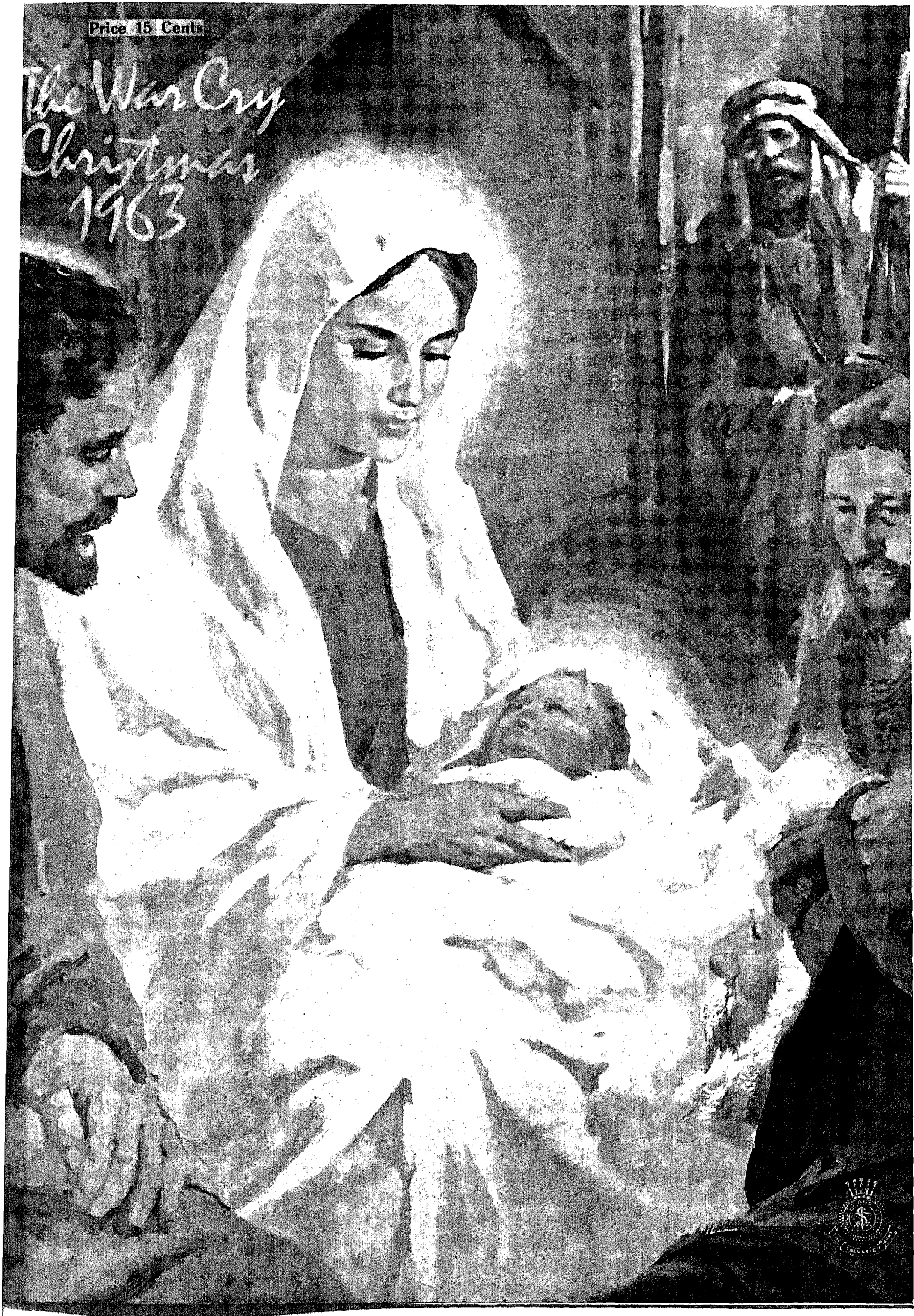
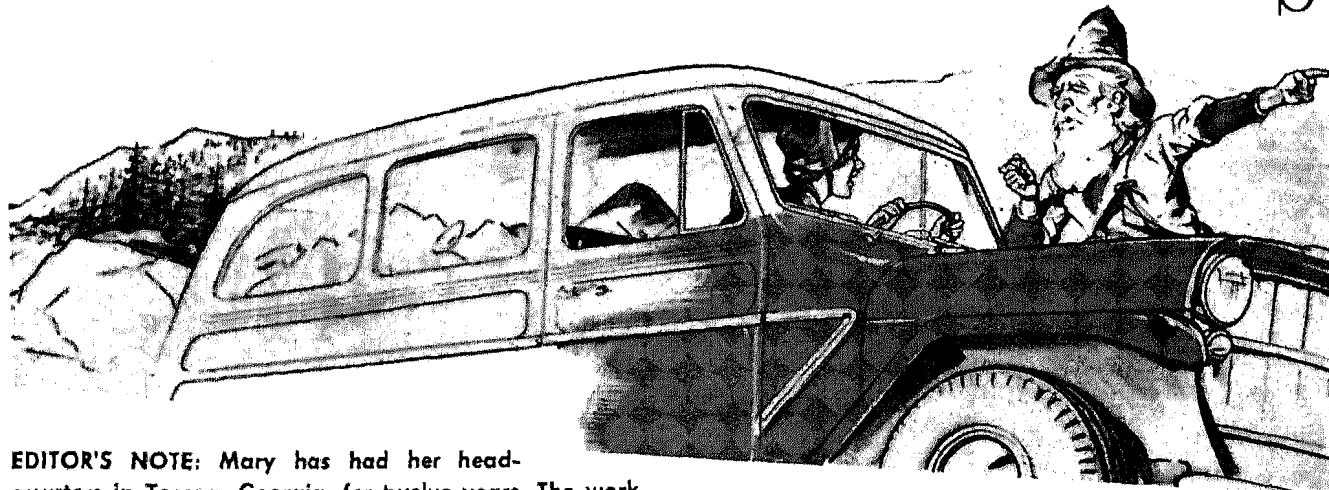


Price 15 Cents

The War Cry  
Christmas  
1963



# Christmas among t



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Mary has had her headquarters in Toccoa, Georgia, for twelve years. The work is growing, and the present corps building has proved inadequate for the present need. She is looking forward to a more modern building which she hopes may materialize soon. The building lot is already in her hands, and she's not afraid of prayer—and work.

**F**OUR days to go yet, and Mary was sunk deeper in Christmas than a hog in a briar thicket. She shook hands with Charlie Trippi and the other University of Georgia football players, had them stand in front of the giant Christmas tree and introduced them to the two hundred needy children who, with their parents, were crowded into the Salvation Army corps building.

"Little friends and big ones," said Mary in her southern accent, "I know you're just itchin' to see what old Santa's got tucked under that tree for you, and just awaitin' to get the fruit and cookies and candies, but you're going to get a bigger bang when I tell you who our visitors are . . ."

The Christmas party was moving along nicely, with the barefoot children primped and polished and paying gasping attention. It was almost time for the gifts when someone called in a stage whisper, "Envoy! Envoy Peacock! Telephone! Long distance!"

Mary nodded, waved the carol on, had a word with another Salvationist and slipped into her office.

"Envoy," said the relieved voice of her divisional commander. "Glad I got you so quickly. A rather urgent request has just come to us from

divisional headquarters in Washington."

"Oh?" With all those children waiting, Mary wondered what emergency could possibly concern her right now.

"It seems that some lady in Robertstown, Georgia, wrote the President himself, asking that something be done to bring Christmas to this mountain town. Apparently there's real need. Know where Robertstown is?"

"No, but I can find it. Just a minute." Mary pulled a map from her desk drawer.

"It's about ninety-five miles away!"

"Can you manage this extra chore? Not too much?"

Mary didn't hesitate. "Do my one hundred percent best," she said, laughing, "though there's scarcely time for much."

Next day, Mary allocated duties as much as possible for the pre-holiday effort, and, jumping in her carryall, headed for Robertstown. The road took her through the mountains she loved, with the bits of level ground here and there dotted with quaint, shrub-decorated houses and tiny, paintless outbuildings, nudged by stacks of firewood. Only the tinkling of a cowbell, the song of a bird, the bark of a hound or

the voices of small youngsters playing in the distance could be heard any time. At last, nestling in the hills she found the village.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Minnie Bartlett," she told an aged mountain man walking down the road.

He replied, unsmiling but courteous, "Cabin yonder."

He indicated a cottage up a steep slope. Mary coaxed the carryall up the gravel path.

"Yes'm," said a tall, gaunt woman at Mary's knock. "Who be you?" She wore a blue-checked calico dress almost hidden by a white, starched apron. Her deepset, faded blue eyes sized Mary up, and her straight lips slid apart.

"I'm Envoy Peacock," said Mary, smiling. "Are you Mrs. Minnie Bartlett?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, your request to the President was forwarded to The Salvation Army, and I've come to see what can be done."

"Welcome," said the woman, opening her door, but still not smiling. "Come and set, and I'll tell you a deal."

Mary listened attentively, got names and ages, asked if there was a place to "do" a Christmas party.

"There be a tiny church unused nearby," said Mrs. Bartlett. "Do

# The Hillfolk

By Mrs. Major Howard Chesham, Chicago

splendidly for a party."

"Good!" said Mary. "Let's go have a look at it."

"Don't ride in cars," Mrs. Bartlett laced her blue-veined, square hands in her lap. "But I'll see the place tidied and the folks told. Three-thirty'd be a proper time."

The carryall leaped forward as Mary chided herself for taking on the task of giving a Christmas party for eighty persons, but her heart was light, and she sang a little chorus that had been one of her favourites since corps cadet days, as a matter of fact, since that day a long time ago when she'd first met The Salvation Army.

"Keep in step with the Master,  
In step as the days go by.  
Never a fear, for He is near,  
In step as the days go by."

There was some sprinting when Mary got home. She called a half-dozen friendly merchants, packed candy and fruits, tried to fit gifts to age and sex. From experience, she chose bright flannelette shirts for the big boys, cap pistols for the little ones, gay blouses for the big girls, dolls for the little ones, sox for the men and hankies for the women.

She loaded the carryall. No tree, for Mrs. Bartlett said they'd cut their own, one with red berries for trim. When Mary reached the church, Mrs. Bartlett was at the door and had a good fire crackling inside.

"Howdy!" she called. Together they unloaded the gifts, put more firewood in the stove and, awaiting the children, hummed "Joy to the World."

A minute or two before three-thirty, the door opened and a young mountain girl, with a baby in her arms and two timid children hugging her knees, entered. Each was wrapped in a homespun shawl. Mary hurried to greet them, glorying in the look of wonder and ecstasy on their faces.

They gathered then, about eighty mountain people. They sang carols. They prayed. Mary told them about the Army, but most of all, she told

them about an altogether lovely Baby born on Christmas morn—for them. They sat solemn and attentive, their pale cheeks made pink from the stove's heat.

The gifts were received in quiet delight, and Mary struggled with tears when a husky boy about sixteen bashfully asked to swap his new shirt for a toy.

"Ma'am," he said, "I like this fine, but I never had a toy."

He got both.

That Christmas went exceedingly well for The Salvation Army in Mary's city. Not one person brought to her attention went without, and the great, grand message of redemption had been proclaimed.

When the big push was over, Mary should have stuck her weary feet on a cushion and heaved a sigh of relief. But she couldn't. She kept thinking of the mountain people. "No'm, we haven't any church." "No'm, this is the first doll Emmy June ever had." "No'm, there's not been a parson in my house for ten year." "No'm." "No'm."

Mary couldn't keep away from the mountains. First it was just a little visit for the Lord among the people she'd met at the party. Then word began to spread that "Miss Mary" was abroad, and could she see this'n or that'n for a line of Scripture or a word of prayer? Could she stop over the night? She was welcome, they said, though the bed might be shuck tick, and sorghum and corn-bread the meal. So Envoy Mary was appointed to Robertstown and the people soon learned to love her as she moved among them.

"Now, if you'll let me move to Gainesville (the nearest town to her village corps)," she told her superiors two years later. "It's so much closer to the mountains, and I've been selling *War Crys* for years there. They want us there."

The Colonel shook his head. "I'll assign an officer here, Mary, but the new opening will have to be at your own expense. We've not a



cent to spare," he said sadly.

"God has plenty," said Mary, and she went to pack. The move wasn't a difficult one for her, for her possessions were few.

Mary got a move on as soon as she arrived in Gainesville. Already, she'd made many friends for the Army on her weekly *War Cry* route, and when she spotted a nice house she thought could be converted into an Army building, she went straight to the city commissioners.

"God must have that house," she told them, "for His work."

"We can't sell it," said the councilman, "but we'll lease it to you for ninety-nine years at a fair price."

Mary held her breath.

"Say—well, how about one dollar. Acceptable terms?"

"Quite," said Mary, grinning.

Then the mountain work really got under way. A good programme was quickly established in Gaines-

(Continued on page 14)

## THE WAR CRY

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## EDITORIALS

THE WAR CRY

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1963

### An Unclaimed Legacy

**S**o much Yuletide emphasis is placed on "Peace on earth" that we are apt to forget that one of the gifts of that first Christmas was JOY. The angel announced: "For behold, I bring you good tidings of GREAT JOY, which shall be to all mankind."

Those last six words transform the situation. Spoken to a handful of ignorant shepherds in the first century, they suddenly became applicable to you and me in the twentieth century: to ALL MANKIND! What a legacy! Have you claimed it, or are you still a stranger to joy?

It may seem strange to some folk to speak of joy. The only joy they know is a surprise thrill—obtained from liquor, or drugs or illicit excitement of some kind. But the idea of possessing a joy that bubbles up every day is foreign to them; they cannot imagine anyone having it.

Yet it was the unmistakable gift of God to that generation and all those in between—right down to us; one of the Christmas gifts that went with the greatest of all Gifts, Christ Himself. Years after the Advent Paul said, speaking of Jesus, "Shall He (God) not, with Him (Jesus) freely give us all things?" Having given mankind the Greatest Gift, it was easy for Him to bestow lesser gifts at the same time—the world's best "package deal."

#### FALSE THRILLS

This Christmas millions of persons will "celebrate." They have a vague idea that the festive season is a time to throw off restraints, a time when everyone is generous and that a blind eye is turned to excess. And after Christmas, with an aching head and possibly a bill for damages facing them for their actions while "under the influence"—they bitterly exclaim that "Christmas is the bunk!"

Jesus emphasized the joy that had been promised at His birth. Even at the end, when He knew a cruel death on the cross awaited Him, He was able to say to His disciples, "These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." And when forty odd days later—He was taken out of their midst and disappeared in the clouds, they were able to hurry back to Jerusalem with the news of His ascension, filled with "great joy." They had found out the secret of joy—it was in doing their Master's will. The Devil promises joy, but he knows that the things he offers will only give a momentary pleasure. Lasting joy comes from communion with Christ. St. Augustine's words of the fourth century are

### Tact In Helping Others

**R**EADER, have you learned the great secret, that (in the words of Jesus) it "is more blessed to give than to receive?" Have you found that the joy of seeing someone's eyes light up at your gift is an even greater thrill than "getting?" While we don't believe in the idea of confining our giving and our generosity and our thoughtfulness of others to the Yule season, it is an ideal time to help someone. Every year, up there in Vancouver Island, a group of young motorcyclists forget their own pleasure for awhile, and go all out to help the poor. They get in touch with the Salvation Army's public relations officer, and he gladly co-operates with them, gives them a list of names of really deserving folk, helps them select suitable gifts and lets them wrap the parcels in gay wrappings in his office. Those lads really get fun delivering the presents the day before Christmas on their motor bikes. Believe me, they enjoy their cycling exploits a lot more as a result of this bit of self-forgetfulness.

Perhaps you who are reading this say, "Well, I always help folks at Christmastime!" Good for you! But those who haven't taken the Saviour's words to heart, why not try it this year? But let me warn you—make an early start! It's not much use ringing up the "Army man" on the twenty-third or fourth, and expecting him to scurry around and get you a list of names of needy people. Plan well ahead of time. You'll find that it takes tact and considerateness to help folk. They have their feelings, and your approach must be a discreet one. For instance, don't pounce down on an orphanage at the last minute and expect to snatch up a boy or girl all in a hurry for a day out. Perhaps he's all agog to take part in the programme at the institution where he lives and would be secretly disappointed at missing it. But if he knew a few weeks beforehand that he was going to share the joys of a real home, he'd feel differently. This applies to the inmates of an old persons' home, too, or one for the blind. Give them good notice!

There are a score of ways of helping others. **THINK** for awhile—then act! A merry Christmas will be yours in reality if you make someone happy this year.

still apt today: "God made man for Himself, and man will ever be restless until he finds rest in God."

Claim your legacy this Christmastime! Follow the Star and find the Christ, and 1964 will be for you a time of victory, peace and abundant joy.



# Joseph Faced his Problems



THE word "Christmas" brings to mind Madonnas, babes, stars and wise men, with Santa Claus, holly and snow for those who are not interested in religious things. It might be a good idea to picture it differently.

Let us bring Joseph to the front of the picture. The Babe is sleeping in the manger; Mary is resting on the hay at the back of the stable; Joseph is pacing up and down, working out his problems, of which he had plenty.

Picture Joseph. He was not an old man, as is sometimes pictured, but of young, marriageable age. If he had been old, he would already have had a wife before he was "espoused to Mary." He was of the direct line from David, and, as such, was of good standing. He was a business man, an apparently successful carpenter who had assistants and apprentices. How else could he have left his shop for an indeterminate period?

He was a religious man. It was no surprise to him that God spoke to him direct or sent him instructions by an angel. All his knowledge of the Scriptures showed him God's working in this way. He did not question what he was told to do. He knew his prophecies: "And thou, Bethlehem . . ." and "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."

Surely, as a young married man, with a baby coming, he would have tried to avoid travel at such a time, but he was not a native of Nazareth, nor was Mary, and probably he had no one with whom to leave her while

he fulfilled the law and registered at Bethlehem. So they travelled together—she on donkey, he by foot. It was over sixty miles "as the crow flies"; much more on the winding roads and footpaths. Mary must have been more than weary; he footsore and troubled, when, after several days, they arrived.

But his problems had only begun. No room in the inn, only in the

with all the other problems that arose.

Looking back, like many another young newly-married man, he probably wondered how he ever got through. It is presumed that he lived until Jesus began his ministry, and it is known that he had several other children.

Beyond all, was the recollection of the voice of God telling him what to do. It assured him of his part in the salvation of the world ("Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins") ("And he called His name Jesus" Matt. 1:25.)

Young married man, what would you have done if you had been placed in these circumstances—  
WITH NO CAR?

You would have faced up to it—your sense of duty, your chivalry, the challenge of the difficulties, above all, your love of life and your love for your family, would have provided the incentive and the encouragement.

If, like Joseph, you have your family and your problems, do not try to manage your life without the sense of direction that only God can give.

---

By The Territorial Commander,  
COMMISSIONER WYCLIFFE BOOTH

---

stable, and the journey had probably hastened Mary's *event*. He began on the most urgent matter—the birth. After the Babe was born he somehow managed to move the family inside, for the wise men "came into the house." It was Joseph who had to deal with the visitors, bargain with the innkeeper, set on foot the plans for their return journey, etc.

A fresh problem was to come. He was not to return home but to take the family into Egypt. "Home" was far enough; Egypt was much farther. He would be a stranger in a strange land, no home and no work. (Did he perhaps sell the wise men's gifts to help the exchequer?) He was to go there for an indefinite time, so, somehow, he must arrange his affairs in Nazareth. We do not know how he did it, nor how he dealt





# Carols amidst the Carnage

**ONE** of the most extraordinary Christmases I ever spent was that of 1943 in Ortona, Italy. We had crossed from Sicily with the Canadian troops, and were advancing up the "boot" that is Italy. The Sangro River, part of Kesselring's vaunted "winter line," had been passed, and, after some vicious fighting, the troops were busy trying to drive the enemy out of the salient, of which Ortona was part.

It was a quaint town, high up on the banks of the Adriatic, replete with historic memories. It was there where Thomas, the doubting disciple, is supposed to have dwelt, and who was one of the town's patron saints.

The TV feature, "Canada at War"—recently broadcast—gives you a vivid idea of what took place on that Christmas day 1943. You saw a house mined by the defending Germans go up in fragments—the 49th Edmontons dashing from cover to cover, clambering over rubble, lobbing their hand-grenades into shattered windows and doors as they fought from house to house.

The struggle for Ortona ranks with Cassino, Anzio and Salerno as one of the most ferocious battles fought in the Mediterranean theatre, and the losses were severe, as the various temporary cemeteries on the outskirts containing our troops or theirs bore mute witness. German panzers and paratroopers, veterans of many encounters with the Allies, fought hard and skilfully to hold the town against the advancing Canadians. The streets were so well covered by enemy defences, that the troops advanced only by blasting from house to house, through connecting walls.

Such was the background to Christmas of 1943, the birthdate of the Prince of Peace. For some time before Christmas the Salvation Army auxiliary supervisors had been gathering special supplies wherever available. We were determined to bring some touch of the Festive Season so dear to the hearts of Canadians. Preparations in collaboration with the military authorities were made—and then Christmas arrived.

"Peace on earth—goodwill toward

men" was just another phrase, well-known to the Canadians who were investing the town, but its true significance was very remote from their minds as they doggedly fought from building to building.

For the fighting men it wasn't practical to give too elaborate a spread, but, in an abandoned church just a street away from the actual fighting, Christmas dinner was laid.



## SERVICE WITH A SMILE

**THE** well-known journalist, Scott Young, in his book RED SHIELD IN ACTION says:

The aim of a Red Shield supervisor was "everything for the boys." Payment wasn't as important as making sure a man got what he wanted. When the government began to supervise the financing, definite rules were made that free issues would be allowed only under certain set conditions. Most were forbidden, except under direct request of a commanding officer or another responsible authority.

But the Red Shield was allowed to serve without charge troops on manoeuvres, or on special occasions, such as sports meets; hospital cases; fatigue parties working in Red Shield premises; and also to provide at Christmas or other seasonal holidays.

That Christmas of 1943, Fifth Division Red Shield supervisors managed to buy a good supply of turkeys, fruit and nuts to supplement the army's Christmas dinners. It was a good thing the extra food was available, because three tank squadrons arrived at the last moment and would have gone without Christmas dinner if it had not been for the Red Shield.

*A brave attempt to celebrate Christmas in the thick of an advance in Italy—written by one who was there.*

and, company by company, the men were brought in to enjoy the Christmas fare provided jointly by the military and Red Shield services. Carols were played, and, in those incredible surroundings, Christmas was celebrated.

For some it was their last meal, but for a brief moment these Canadian lads, thousands of miles away from home, experienced a touch of the Christmas spirit, and perhaps a fleeting memory of a Christmas at home. Then back to the grim task of clearing the town. From the sound of Christmas carols they returned to the hideous cacophony of war—the rattle of small arms, the bursting of grenades and mortars.

Back a mile or so in the shattered village of San Vito, Christmas fare was provided for the supporting troops, and, where possible, entertainment was provided. There, in perhaps less trying circumstances Christmas was celebrated.

There is no individual story to relate. The Salvation Army then, as now, was endeavouring to follow the teachings of Christ by extending a helping hand to those in need, not in a spectacular way but in an everyday manner—wherever the need existed there went the Army to help. Many times down through the passing centuries, men and nations have tried to eradicate Christmas and all

for which it stands. There are men and nations today who seek to accomplish that very thing, but as long as His children will remember that Christmas Day is not just a time of celebration but truly the Advent of the Christ Child who finally brought the Gift of a new way of life for all who will believe, Christmas will live on.

### HIS SECRET

**W**HAT is the solution of world problems? That question is the most insistent one before us today.

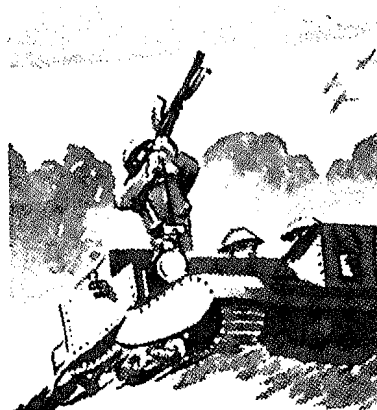
Once a newspaper reporter asked William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army, what was wrong with the world.

He replied, "The world has tried to get along without God, and it simply cannot be done."

Again asked the secret of his extraordinary life, he said plainly: "God has had all there was of me. There have been many others who had greater plans, greater opportunities than I, but from the day I had a vision of what God could do I made up my mind God would have all there was of William Booth."

The solution of world problems is complex, but it is also as simple as that: multiplied individual commitment to God's way for man.

THE HEAD OF CANADA'S WAR SERVICES, the then Colonel W. Dray, called together in London most of the personnel for discussion of procedures, and this interesting photograph was taken. The Colonel (now Commissioner, retired) is seen in the only non-military uniform, at the right. Others in the picture (with their present ranks) are Lt.-Commissioner C. Wiseman, Lt.-Colonels A. Simester, C. Warrander, J. Steele, W. Pedlar; Brigadiers W. Poulton, W. Jolly, P. Lindores, A. Dale, V. Marsland, H. Wellman (R), E. Bruce, A. MacMillan, B. Welbourn (R), G. Wagner, D. Ford, S. McKinley (R), B. Meakings, H. Roberts, H. Johnson, P. Johnson; and Majors C. Godden (R), S. Mundy, F. Howlett (R), G. Wright and W. Shaver. Those promoted to Glory since this picture are Colonel T. Mundy, and Lt.-Colonel R. Gage. Others are Bros. Phil. Wass, G. Palfrey, A. Fitch, A. Medlar and C. Ferris. It is unfortunate that the writer of the accompanying story, Major E. Falle, was not present when the photo was taken.



### A STAR AND A TREE

By GORDON BEST, Toronto

**T**HE origin of the lighted tree goes back to Martin Luther.

He was a guest of a German prince at his castle over one festive season. On Christmas Eve, a clear, cold and frosty night, he looked out and saw the stars shining through the boughs of a huge fir tree. One specially bright and large star looked as though it rested at the top of the tree, while the smaller ones shone through the boughs. Luther borrowed an axe and chopped down a small fir tree in the grounds adjacent to the castle. Bringing it inside he secured candles, which he mounted on the tree, with the largest candle at the top. This represented the Star of Bethlehem. When the prince's children saw it they were ecstatic with delight. Early next morning the prince and his princess, pleased with their children's joy with the tree, placed all of their Christmas gifts under it. That is how our lighted Christmas trees originated.

### HE WILL SOON RETURN

**T**HROUGH all the years that lie between

The first glad Christmas morn,  
When herald angels first proclaimed  
That Christ, the Lord, was born,  
Till this sad day of strife, unrest,  
When passions fiercely burn,  
The voice of countless prophets cry—  
Our Lord will soon return.

### START THE DAY RIGHT

**I**F a Sunday well spent brings a week of content, how much more a Christmas Day spent properly? Start it off by taking your Bible and reading—in the first chapter of Matthew or the second chapter of Luke's Gospel the marvellous account of the Advent—the birth of a Saviour, whose coming was heralded with angelic joy and shepherdly wonderment. You will enjoy the day's festivities so much better when you emphasize the true meaning of Christmas.

# My first Christmas as a Christian



THE WRITER of the accompanying story, photographed with Brigadier J. Monk, of the Toronto Harbour Light Centre, on the occasion of the singer's visit to the corps to sing to the men there—a custom the opera star follows wherever he goes.

IT was early in November of 1954. I was walking down Broadway in New York City on my way to a rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera Company. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a display of Christmas cards in one of the store windows.

"Oh, brother!" I muttered. "Christmas again."

Quickly I began calculating in my mind the mountain of things I had to do before December twenty-fifth. Why, the thought of Christmas cards alone was enough to stagger me. There would be at least two hundred cards for the personnel and staff of the Met, plus an almost endless list of concert managers across the country, plus several scores of personal friends, plus—

I stopped myself short.

"Well, Jerry," I said to myself. "That's a great way to think about the Saviour's birthday. You ought to be thinking of how you can put Christ into Christmas this year, not of all the burdens the season imposes."

The more I thought about it, the more I realized that for me the sending of Christmas cards had been purely a matter of business. It had nothing at all to do with Christ. I realized that, as a Christian of just a few weeks' standing, I would have to change my attitude and readjust my thinking.

I began concrete action that night when I got home. I suggested to my

wife and my mother that we forget sending Christmas cards and give the money we would ordinarily spend to the Army's Bowery Corps to help provide dinners for the men of skid row.

We went to that dinner—my wife Lucia and I, and to a party given by the Army for the men at the Bowery.

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By JEROME HINES  
Metropolitan Opera Star

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After eating Christmas dinner with the men that day, I went and helped the Major pass out gifts to the men.

I had sung in the services a number of times before that Christmas Day. But I felt apart from the men. I had never spoken to them, either individually or as a group. To me

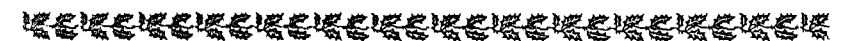
they had been little more than a sea of faces, almost inhuman.

For the first time the congregation "came alive." Suddenly there came to me the realization that they are human—just like the men you find in any part of the world and in any walk of life.

That experience was like the breaking of a shell. Hearing the men say "Thank you" for my songs and "God bless you" gave me courage, made me feel as though I belonged.

For the first time that day I realized I belonged to the great Christian family. Instead of God merely being a part of me, I was a part of God! I was a brother of Christ and a co-labourer with Him.

That first Christmas in Christ was almost as big a turning point in my life as the day I knelt at the altar and accepted Christ as my Saviour. That day I stopped being *only* a singer—I became a useful part of the Bowery. Christ belonged to me, and I belonged to Him—completely.



## © Holy Night

© Holy night! The stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;

Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth,

A thrill of hope the weary soul rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

Fall on your knees, hear the angel voices!  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!

O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,  
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand;

So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,  
Here came the wise men from Orient land.

The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,  
In all our trials born to be our Friend;

He knows our need, To our weakness is no stranger,  
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!

Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;  
His law is love, and His Gospel is peace;  
Chains shall he break, for the slave is our brother,

And in His name all oppression shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,

Let all within us praise His holy name;  
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise His name for ever!

His pow'r and glory ever more proclaim!  
His pow'r and glory ever more proclaim.





By  
The Chief Secretary  
COLONEL H. WALLACE

# Cozy ideas about Christmas

**L**AST Christmas, it was reported in our newspapers, a crib was unveiled outside a church in Leicester, England with Joseph, Mary and the child Jesus depicted as coloured people.

The three wise men consisted of an American getting out of a furlined car, representing "wealth," a Russian arriving by rocket, to represent the "benefits of science," and a Nigerian, to represent "tradition." The speaker said that too many people think of the Holy Family as Westerners, but they should at least be portrayed as sallow-skinned Arabs. "This crib" he said, "will shake people out of their cozy ideas about Christmas."

How true it is that too many people cherish their own cozy ideas about Christmas. For many today Christmas means Santa Claus, Good King Wenceslaus, and a score of mythical figures. Jesus Christ, the centre and crown and focus of it all,

is relegated to the background of people's thoughts.

Instead of regarding God as our Heavenly Father, as Jesus Christ did, so many have come to regard Him as an earthly "Grandfather," sentimental to the eyebrows, whose bag is full of toys for all of his children; all gifts free and no questions asked.

The moral majesty of the purpose of God in sending Christ into the world is almost lost in man's "cozy ideas about Christmas." Is it not time then, that as a nation and as a people we should stir ourselves to re-discover the true concept of Christmas, and believe that "Christ came into the world to save sinners?"

The grace of God is revealed in the coming into this world of Jesus to be and to do what only God could do, and what no man could even attempt to do. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." (John 1:14).

The mystery surrounding the birth of God's only begotten Son is an admitted Christian fact; it is a revelation which does not have to be argued; it is reasonable and wonderfully true. Paul could not restrain himself when his mind dwelt on it.

He seemed to cry out the words: "And, without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Timothy 3:16).

This gives significance to the birth of Jesus; and why is it so regarded? Why do Christian people all over the world rejoice at this season of the year with Christmas carols, symphonies of divine praise, and oratorios of adoration? It is because 1963 years ago, the truth was announced: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." (Matt. 1:21). The world's redemption was inaugurated. The Saviour had come. This is the true idea of Christmas.

## THE PLASTIC KETTLES OF CHRISTMAS

**F**OR many people, the first real tinge of Christmas excitement is inspired by the familiar ringing of bells on street corners, and the appearance there of Salvation Army men and women, in their red-trimmed, blue uniforms. They are a symbol of generosity, a sign that Christmas is close at hand.

It all began on a stormy night shortly before Christmas in 1894. On the Pacific Coast, near San Francisco, a ship was driven onto the rocks by the wind. Shivering survivors were helped to shelter in a nearby Salvation Army building.

California, along with the rest of the nation, was in the grip of a severe depression that year, and the Army was hard put to care for the ship-wrecked people. In the

shelter already were many impoverished seamen and longshoremen.

Soon the food supply was exhausted and the situation began to look desperate. Then one of The Salvation Army lassies, ladling out the last few spoonfuls of soup, had an ingenious idea. Stepping out into the bitter cold, she carried the soup cauldron itself to a busy street corner, set up a sign that said, "Keep the Kettle Boiling," and rang a bell to attract attention. Those passing by—amused by the little sign—began to drop coins into the kettle and that night there was soup enough for all.

By the following year, word of the appeal of the kettle had spread. When Christmas time came around, thirty kettles were set up in towns along the West Coast to obtain needed help for the poor. In 1897 the idea

found its way to Boston, where the kettles were "kept boiling" and 150,000 Christmas dinners were given to the needy there.

For nearly seventy years now, out of the bright red kettles has come happiness for millions at Christmas.

Today a contribution dropped into the kettle might make possible a new, cuddly toy or an appealing game for a hospitalized child. It could mean a steaming holiday dinner for a homeless, hungry man. It could mean a remembrance for a serviceman far from home, or material assistance to parents so that they can fill their children's stockings. Or it could place a gift in one of the hundreds of baskets carried by the Army to institutions of all kinds. Even in prisons, renewed hope is kindled by gaily wrapped presents, candles and Scriptural words of comfort.

# ANGELS IN THE

A Saga Of The First

All the heroes I saw overseas were not men. In one of the bleakest and most inhospitable corners of mountainous north-east France, upon the haunches of a mountain range, an "inspired" General ordered what he was pleased to call a practice hike, in heavy marching order, of eighteen miles, to be accomplished between sunrise and sunset, by a regiment of volunteer infantry, newly-landed in France, still unused to the climate and to local conditions.

One morning, near Christmas, just at sun-up, that regiment started, every man burdened under his heavy load like a sumpter-mule. All day long, knee-deep, through mud and mire, ice and slush and snow they ploughed and floundered their way. Just before dusk the vanguard of this half-frozen, half-dead, weary, worn-out column came sliding and staggering, over the icy cobbles of the steep main street of a little abandoned village close up behind

the lines. It was a grim business.

Here they must spend the night. This particular hamlet, having been under almost constant shell fire for more than weeks past, was now abandoned by its original peasant inhabitants. Most of the exhausted marchers would be denied the poor comfort of an unbreached wall behind which, in their sodden, dripping garments, they might creep for shelter during the bleak night which lay ahead of them.

Already hungry, they had a prospect of continuing so for many hours to come, seeing that the supply trains were hub-deep in the mud miles behind them.

As the first-comers made their way among that collection of wrecked, shattered, empty husks and hulls of houses, they saw in the cracked and tumbling doorway of an old stone stable, which had been unroofed by shell fire, what must have seemed to them like a vision from on high.

IT WAS IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—1899-1901—that The Salvation Army first rendered service to the troops on the battle-field. Colonel Mary Murray, the daughter of a British military officer, with one or two other women officers, put up with rugged conditions to serve the men, taking their tent from camp to camp, and dishing out hot cocoa and biscuits. The Red Shield was organized during World War 1, and The Salvation Army in many different countries sent representatives, who not only provided food, and spiritual help, but recreation as well. The Americans—seen in the photographs—made coffee and doughnuts famous in the First World War, and won a place for the Army that firmly established the organization in the land south of the border. A group of them are seen in the picture making their goodies under primitive conditions, as described in the story by Irving Cobb.



# N HELMETS

## st World War

How The Salvation Army had found out ahead of time that a column of our men were to be quartered that night in that desolate place, and how, with those unutterable roads, they had got there in strong—had broken through, and, in one corner of that stable, they had spread their scanty, meagre supply of thin blankets. Out of the wreckage of an old stone manger, which had been broken to bits by a chance



By IRVING S. COBB, American Journalist

advance of the coming troops, God only knows. But God did know, and the sight that glorified the eyes of our boys was that, on the threshold of the old stable, there stood a little cheerful, perky dishevelled Salvation Army lass holding in one hand a great pot of piping hot coffee, and in the other a huge platter piled heaping high with warm, spicy doughnuts that would taste of home to homesick Yankee kids!

Some way, some how, three members of that Salvation Army—a little Captain, and two women, neither of whom, to judge by appearances, was

ONE OF the posters displayed during World War 1.



shell, they had improvised a sort of crude oven. When I came that way the next day I learned of the things that had gone on there, which still were to go on for many hours to come. I thought of another thing that once happened in a stable and in a manger, nearly two thousand years before. And there was no impiety in the thought either.

The man was making coffee, and one of the women, with an empty wine bottle for a rolling-pin, was rolling out the batter, and the other, in a great cauldron of boiling, bubbling lard, was cooking doughnuts. The Salvation Army was already on the job, and they stayed on that job, these three, without a moment's ceasing, all through that evening, all through that night, all through the following day, and far into the following night, until, finally, the supply train did break through.

In those thirty-six long hours all the food that our men got, they got from these three, until the hands of the two women, by reason of the countless particles of blistering, boiling grease which popped out upon them, were swollen and burned and cooked to great hideous, puffy red and white monstrosities, utterly unlike any hands that you ever saw before.

They stayed on that job until the feet of one of them froze so badly that for a while amputation was threatened. They stayed on that job until one of the women, from pure exhaustion, fainted and fell

face downward on the live coals of her own brazier, so that through all the days she walks this world, she will wear a great livid scar across one cheek, a nobler decoration, I think, than any that was ever pinned on the breast of a hero on dress parade.

And when next day I came that way in a car, marvelling every inch of the distance that men afoot could ever have broken through, and when I heard what had happened and saw what still was happening, and when I had taken note of the fact that neither of the two women was young any more, and that neither of them, by the kindest stretch of a compassionate charity, could ever have been what this world is pleased to call beautiful, and saw now how particularly uncomely and homely they looked with their poor, red, swollen hands and their tousled hair blowing across their wind-beaten, frosted, peaked faces, and their mud-covered, ice-coated boots, and their greasy, shabby blouses, I wondered what sort of impression they had made on the minds of those boys of ours to whom they had been ministering. I decided to find out.

For the purpose of my experiment I chose as the likeliest candidate in sight a little, freckled-faced, red-headed buck private from a little town in Texas. I said to him: "Son, when you came limping into this hell-hole yesterday evening, cold and wet and worn out and hungry, and you saw that Salvation Army sister in that doorway yonder, waiting for

(Continued on page 15)



**L**ET us travel on memory's carpet and spend Christmas in a benign, rambling old house tucked away on the edge of a small city.

With the floating to earth of the first red and gold leaves of fall, those who lived in the white frame house began planning for the annual Christmas party which would take place under the many gabled roof.

For the children in the house, the days preceding Christmas stretched into a captivating highway, not unlike the road which Cinderella's golden coach rolled over. They lived for a time in a fairy tale world: one filled with the spicy fragrance of Christmas cooking, bright with silver paper chains strung from door to door; dotted with lop-sided green cardboard Christmas trees on windows and curtains. The heady excitement, accompanying secret whispered conferences and mysterious conversations held behind closed doors, bewitched and enthralled them.

A member of the family lived on a nearby farm. It was his yearly chore to cut and haul a tall spruce tree to the old white house in the town. This he erected near the bay window in the front parlour.

From then on the proud and lovely tree presided in grave dignity over starched lace curtains, wall to wall hand-made carpet and red

# The beauty of an o.

plush chairs. It waited with a quickening sense of impatience for the glaucous which would soon transform its majestic bows. It silently prayed that none of the hundreds of small flickering candles it would wear would burn too close to its fragrant, emerald body or too near the yards of snowy popcorn adorning its fluffy skirts.

The big oak door opening into the large, square vestibule was left unlatched for pre-Christmas visitations of stealthy visitors, who crept quietly inside the parlours to deposit parcels of all shapes and sizes at the feet of the lovely old tree. Daily it stood poised in pride, more erect with anticipation of the day when it would command dozens of envious eyes, when it would have showered on it the undivided attention and admiration of sixty happy people who would pay it homage.

The tree caught its breath. The day had arrived! The exquisite enchantment of Christmas morning spread through the sunny windows. Childish voices echoed up and down the stairs. Dimpled hands emptied stockings and clutched oranges and rock taffy and rag dolls.

Suddenly the house stood still and folded its hands and rested. A hush

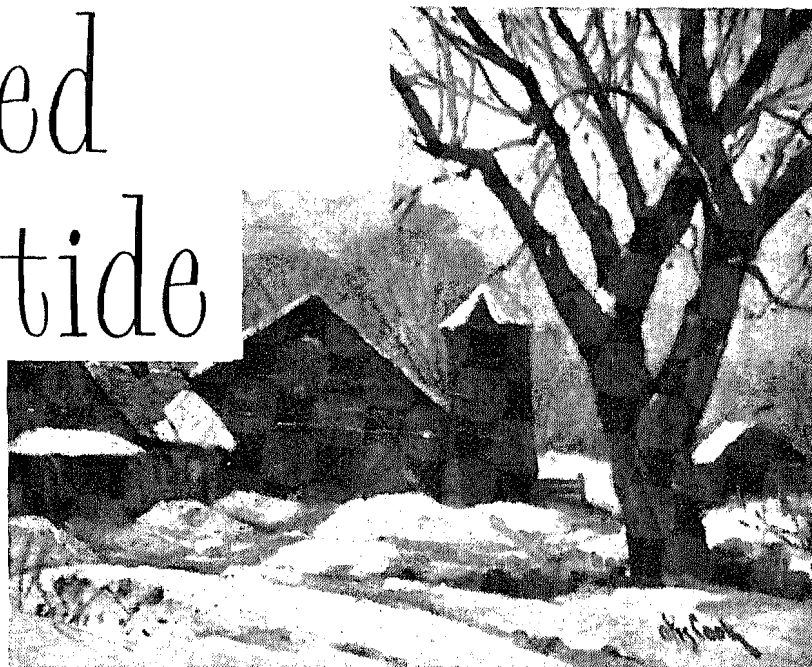
like a benediction settled through the fragrant rooms. Then only the soft rustle of the turning leaves of a Book could be heard. The tree bent its topmost branches to listen to solemn voices tinged with age, to lisping young voices soaring with buoyancy and confidence. Gradually the deep and ever-living meaning of Christmas penetrated through the cedar scented rooms.

The soft strains of "Silent Night—Holy Night" stole from an organ in an adjacent room. It supported the glorious words quoted in unison by the family gathered around the fireplace—"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night."—"And the glory of the Lord shone round about them—" "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people—" "For unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord—" A deep voice added slowly and clearly—"May we glorify and praise God on this anniversary of the birth of His Son as the shepherds did of old."

All day long happy people laughed and sang and feasted between those old walls redolent with love and laughter, joy and sorrow. The tree



# Old-fashioned Yuletide



watched red-cheeked children and adults who became children for a few hours. Merriment reigned supreme. Music floated continually on the air as all took part in a programme of music and readings prepared many weeks ahead.

The day drew to a close. Little figures in new frocks and suits stretched to blow out the candles which were taking their last short gasping breaths of life. Faces appeared above beaver collars or were encircled by ear-flapped caps. Reluctant feet strayed towards the large, square vestibule. Again quietude stole over the assemblage.

Heads again bowed under the holly wreaths and the clustered mistletoe. Once again the deep, resonant voice of the father of the household breathed gratitude to God for the birth of His Son: "We thank Thee for this day; for the good fellowship and happiness we have shared for a few short hours; for the abundance of food; for our good health. May we all be spared to enjoy another Christmas such as this has been. As we depart, may we do so with thankful hearts for the blessings which were bestowed on a troubled world two thousand years ago; for the rich benefits mankind has since enjoyed; for faith and for the growth of brotherly love and compassion and human kindness on this earth. Most of all we thank Thee for eternal life made possible for us by the birth of Thy Son."

The tree mused: "What a pinnacle of joy and beauty I have reached today. Surely, in God's other world there will be days of rejoicing over the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. Perhaps even trees like me will find a place in life again. Perhaps for

me this is not an ending, but a rich renewal of life and a shining new beginning."

Outside the window muffled voices of departing guests lifted in a symphony blended with the chime of

the sleigh bells. Part of a lovely carol floated on the frosty air like a sad but magnificent requiem for the dying tree—"And praises sing to God and King and peace to men on earth."

## WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

**W**ATCHERS of the trackless skies,  
Scanning life's deep mysteries;  
Deeply reverent of God  
And His over-ruling rod.  
Three sage magi from the East  
(Prophet, king, or holy priest?)  
Journeyed west in ecstasy,  
Thrilled that ancient prophecy  
Was fulfilled before their eyes  
In this symbol in the skies.

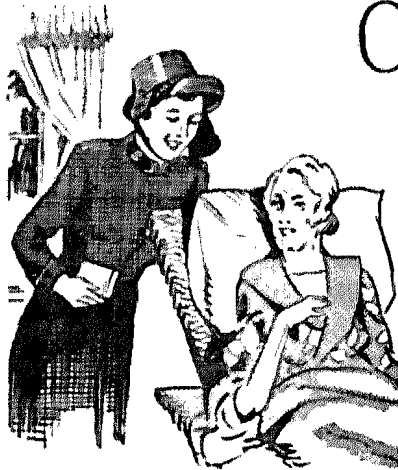
So they ventured forth in faith,  
Trusting all to Him who saith:  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye!"  
Trusted Him who ne'er can lie.

\* \* \*

So at last their pilgrimage  
Carried them, past Herod's rage,  
To the Babe of Bethlehem,  
Where they gladly worshipped Him.  
Lavishing their costly things  
On the infant King of kings.  
Then returned to their own place  
Filled with awe at Heaven's grace.

H.P.W.





# Christmas among the Hillfolk

(Continued from page 3)

ville, and money was made available for the distressed in the mountains. Soon, "Miss Mary" was known throughout the Blue Ridge mountains of North Georgia from Sals Mountain to Pine Top, far back to Woody's Gap and Goat Neck, in cabins rimming Black Mountain and nestled in Hidden Holler. Everybody knew Miss Mary—little shavers and big ones, sick ones and ornery ones, the Bible reading and the belligerently unlawful.

She neighbored the mountain people. Through getting proper help for a little girl who'd never walked, Mary won to the Lord a stern moonshine blockader. She took clothes to the sick, cooked meals, cleaned cabins, gave advice on love and marriage and child-rearing. Once she was called to a cabin by a child.

"Miss Mary, they's a newborn baby at our house, and nobody to care for it."

She hurried to an icky cabin and found the baby not more than an hour old, wrapped in a newspaper on a bench, with the parents dead drunk on the bed. Once she went to the electric chair with a hill boy who swore he'd killed in self-defence.

She started outposts "wherever her foot tracked." She led "sings" in the Sals Mountain and Union Grove chapels and in the Yonah Mountain arbor, while the mountain people sang "I'll Fly Away" and "Build Me a Cabin in the Corner of Gloryland," clapping and strumming banjos and guitars. She held seven Christmas parties and was on hand for births and marriages and deaths.

Still, she wasn't satisfied.

After eighteen months in the mountains, she stood before her Divisional Commander once more.

"Now then, Colonel, if I can base operations in this larger city nearby,

we can cover eleven counties. We must have more money."

"But as you've often said," he told her, "the people there don't seem to feel a need for the Army's work."

"True," admitted Mary, "but God does."

Mary moved again.

She started with nothing. Almost immediately, though, there was an offer from a woman who had a small church rent. The rent was low, but not low enough for Mary's pocket-book. What now? *When you're in a hurry, go straight to the top.* Mary briskly presented herself to the first of several city commissioners.

"Yes?" The tone was perfunctory, the glance at her uniform cold.

## Mary's Cool Faith

"I shall need a little money to get our work started," said Mary. She told of the mountain work and how Torroca would benefit as these people didn't always stay in the hills. "They need God," she said, "and the Army aims to see they get His help!"

"Miss, we're sorry you're without funds, but nobody here has asked for you. We don't want you. Go back to Gainesville."

He turned away.

"I know we've not been asked," said Mary, "but we're here because God directed us. And we're here to stay."

Grudgingly, a check for twenty-five dollars was made out—for one year's service. *Never mind*, Mary told herself, *God has a big pocket-book*. But the day came when she had about reached the point of exhaustion. "Now, Lord," she prayed, "it's Your work. These people need You, and they need clean sheets and shoes. We need a building of our own in this city—and a million other things. I'm tuckering out. Will You take over and see the thing done?" She was still appendaging the prayer when she caught sight of a well-known garbage-picker driving a decrepit truck.

Poor Magnolia Pearl.

Mary knew of the family through welfare work. Magnolia Pearl had married a man twice her age, and

the entire family was sinful and superstitious. The only time they thought of God was in a storm, when they rushed to a cave howling for their lives, shrieking for the Almighty to spare them and they'd believe themselves the rest of their born days.

Mary looked at the huge woman. A grimy, white bandanna was tied about her fearsome head; she wore a filthy smock of no particular colour. She had no stockings, and she clumped down the truck steps in men's worn shoes. Her dull eyes were sunk in drooping cheeks, seeming to look nowhere, see nothing.

"Magnolia Pearl," Mary said as she approached her, "I'd like you to come to our ladies' home league on Tuesday."

Magnolia Pearl looked around as if there'd been some mistake. Then she stared at Mary, squinted, straightened.

"Why do you even speak to me?"

"Because I'm interested. Do come."

Magnolia Pearl came—in her habitual dress.

After the meeting, Mary explained how the Bible commanded folks to make their bodies the temple of the living God. "Magnolia Pearl," she suggested, "would you be mad if I bought you some fitting clothes? And I think we can find some furniture for your home."

Magnolia Pearl cried—and cleaned up. She began to attend services. But one day she admitted, in an agony of frustration, "Miss Mary, I've been tryin' to pray, but I still get terrible scared when the storms come. I try to stay at home, but when everybody else runs to the storm pit, I run, too."

Mary told her, "Magnolia Pearl, the Bible says, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' If you are friends with Jesus, you can ride out the storms."

Days, weeks, months went by. Still the problem of finance was not solved when, one day, Mary was hailed by two city commissioners.

"Miss Mary, I got to tell you a tale," one began. "Yesterday a lady

(Continued on page 18)

# I WAS A DRUG ADDICT

**"M**ERRY Christmas, ladies! We are going to open our stockings soon!"

As the Captain called I opened my eyes and gazed around the room. Christmas! The first real Christmas I had celebrated in thirty-five years. As I looked back over those years some highlights stood out in my mind.

My wonderful mother had passed away while I was very young, and, soon as possible, I left home. I went "on the stage" in New York and became involved with people who lived a fast life, folks who were drug addicts. Eventually, "just for kicks" I began taking drugs myself, and soon became a confirmed addict. The slide down the ladder of respectability was gradual at first, then I began getting in trouble with the law and spent some time in prison. I moved from city to city, trying to escape from myself and from the habit that bound me. Years went by as I drifted from place to place—never able to hold a decent job or make good friends.

## Good Intentions Vanished

One day, after years of this type of life, I went to a city welfare office and pleaded for help. "I'm sending you to The Salvation Army home. The Major there has helped many people with problems like yours, and I'm sure she will help you," the worker told me. I left the office feeling there was some ray of hope for me after all, but, as I went down the street, I met some old acquaintances and away flew all my good resolves.

Two weeks later, coming to my senses, I gathered the courage to face that Salvation Army Major and ask for help. I was broke, had no money to buy the drugs that I craved, and I knew I was going to be very sick for a while. As I went up the steps of the home I felt like turning and running. But I rang the bell, and, when the officer came



to the door and said, "Can I help you?" I couldn't help but cry, "Will you please help me?"

The next few days were a blur. I realize now that I was very sick, because I was withdrawn from the drugs on which my system had become so dependent. Despite the agony and pain I persevered, with the help and encouragement of the Major. After the worst of the "withdrawal" symptoms were over I was able to help around the home. Finally, I was well enough to go out and work at another Army institution in the city for a week. I came home that Friday night with the first pay I had received for an honest day's work in many years. I felt that it was a sign that there was still hope for me.

## Paying My Way

Several weeks later I got a job in a nursing home, and, although the work was heavy, I enjoyed talking to the people. It was so nice to be able to "pay my way." On my birthday the officers brought in a lovely birthday cake with candles, and several little gifts, and everyone sang "happy birthday." The surprise caused tears to come to my eyes, and, as I later told the officers, that birthday was even happier than the one many years before when I had received a lovely fur coat as a present.

Christmas soon came, and, with the little money that I had saved from my salary, I had a wonderful spending spree in buying little gifts for everyone at the "home." I couldn't express the joy of being able to give something in return for all that had been given me.

So here it was—Christmas again! I had to get ready to go to work after we had opened our gifts. I had only agreed to work on Christmas Day with the understanding that I could be home for the big Christmas dinner the officers had been

## A Tragic Story With a Happy Ending. . . As told to a woman Salvationist

planning and preparing for days. What fun we had had putting the decorations on the tree and wrapping the gifts! On Christmas Eve we had almost recaptured the magic of a childhood Christmas as we stealthily placed our gifts under the huge tree, and even hung up our stockings by the fireplace. Can you imagine a dozen grown women hanging up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill? Neither could we, but the Major insisted!

## I "Belonged" At Last

As I hurried down the stairs I could hear all the happy and excited voices as everyone gathered in the sitting room beside the fireplace. First we emptied the stockings, and, despite all the protests made about them the night before, everyone seemed eager to see just what that lumpy article in the toe was. The presents under the tree were wrapped so beautifully I almost wished I didn't have to open them. Just to look at them and realize that this Christmas I, too, belonged to a family, and someone had given me a gift made me happier than any large and expensive present could have done.

Through the day I worked quite happily, and, as I returned home and enjoyed the delicious, traditional meal, I thought how fortunate I was to be in that particular home, where there was such gaiety and joy at Christmas. I knew that this was because the people who lived there really loved and served God, and I, too, vowed that I would love Him.

Before the officers went wearily off to bed that night I called them aside and said, "Thanks for the wonderful Christmas. The best I have ever had!"—D.B.

## ANGELS IN TIN HELMETS

(Continued from page 11)

you with all the hot coffee you could swig, and all the hot doughnuts you could swallow, how did she look to you?"

In perfect sincerity, he answered me, "Mister, she looked to me like an angel straight from God. Honest," he said, "I believe that is the prettiest woman I ever seen in my life."



# Stranded in "40-below" weather

It is not often in Canada that we are faced with life-or-death survival, although every winter we read of isolated cases of men surviving or perishing from a plane crash or a hunting trip. Death because of the natural elements seems to have become out-moded, and in a modern civilization, something to be read about in the biographies of missionaries and explorers. In the same way we have lost our experience of "on-the-spot" answers to prayer.

However, a journey I took during wintertime in Saskatoon brought into sharp reality both of these "old-fashioned" happenings. Looking back now the incident stands out as a terrifying brush with death, and the realization of God's care and keeping.

Our small bus had been recruited to carry nine young people to a youth meeting twenty-five miles away in the next town. The outgoing trip was smooth, on clean, blacktop highway, in spite of the fact that the snow lay banked alongside. The air outside was cold, but in the bus the high spirits of the young people drew our attention from the fact that the thermometer was sliding far down below zero. As long as you're in motion and the heater is giving forth its comfort, who thinks about the sharpness of the night?

All went well. Our destination was reached, and the meeting was one of life and warmth. High spirits were again the order of the evening as the group quickly piled into the bus for the homeward journey, shivering upon contact with the night air. The mercury had now reached its

predicted forty-below zero mark.

The heater responded quickly to the warming of the motor and we settled back, untroubled.

In a few minutes we left behind the lights of the town, and once again we were on the black ribbon of highway. Our only illumination was the moon on the snow and our own headlights beamed down the road. We were alone, a tiny group

By

Cadet Mrs. Allen Ryan

of human life under a vast winter sky. Such is a common experience to night travellers across the flat, unbroken lands of the wheat belt.

But then the uncommon happened.

The motor emitted heavy grindings. There was a brief mechanical struggle. The motor died. And then, in response, the heater ceased. For a moment there was perfect stillness.

Then the young people burst forth with exclamations, questions and suggestions. The motor was coaxed, coddled and threatened. Theories were expressed, tried and cast out. We had stopped stone cold.

The first thing that concerned us was the fact that we had stopped, but soon we realized the second awful truth. We were cold, and we were getting colder by the minute. The outdoor temperature began to find its way in through the seams of the

bus. Our breath began to form dense white clouds as we spoke to one another.

We needed help, but there was none. We looked back through the frozen window to a long, unbroken blackness. We looked forward through the quickly frosting panes, more blackness. There was no light from a nearby farmhouse and no lights from a town to show we were near enough to walk for help. Only the moon shone coldly on the snow-covered fields.

We realized suddenly, unitedly, without anyone voicing the thought, that a car had not passed us on the road since we started out. There was a great quietness. And then someone said it, "We'd better pray that a car will come by, and soon!" There was a silence as everyone turned to God in prayer.

Then the moments began to tick off. Each of us was immersed in thought. It seemed as if we had never really prayed before this moment. Oh yes, we had prayed, all right, but it had been different. We were accustomed to asking for answers to prayer in spiritual things. Of course God had granted the petitions; it was for the extension of His Kingdom, but this was something different. We were asking God to send a specific car along a specific highway within a specified number of minutes. Would God answer such a blue-printed prayer?

A few minutes went by. We sang a chorus or two, and listened. Sound travels miles when the air is sharp. But there was no sound of a motor. We sang again. How the cold pene-

(Continued on page 17)

# Hope in a Hopeless World

By  
THOMAS A. JOHNSTON,  
Edmonton, Alta.

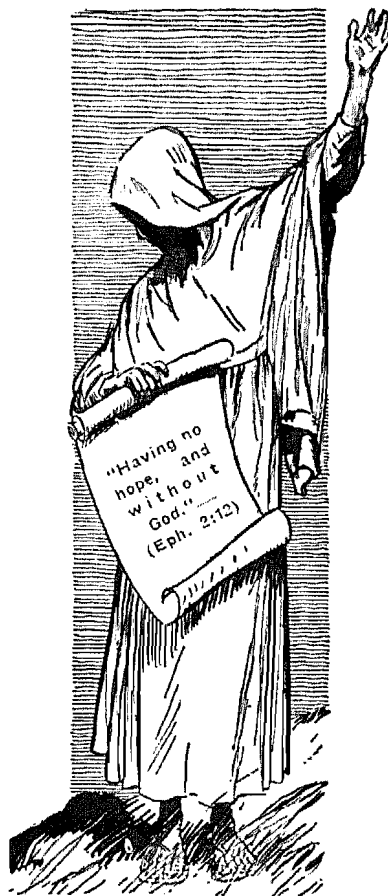
that things acquire meaning, purpose and value. This was the aim of Christ's birth, death and resurrection—to reveal the unseen presence of His Father, the living God.

He was born into a world that "knew not God," a world steeped in idolatry, that offered its sons and daughters as sacrifices to pacify the wrath of their idols, or to glorify them. Jesus, born in a cattle stall, and cradled in a manger (because there was no room in the inn) raised amongst the poor as the son of a carpenter, was the revelation of the Eternal on earth, and, therefore, the Light of the World.

He taught the world a doctrine it had lost—that the living God is "our Father," and that, therefore, all men are brothers; that Christ's way is to "love your enemies," to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind and strength," and to "love thy neighbour as thyself."

He revealed by His death and resurrection that death is not the end, but that life, if lived in harmony with God's laws, is an immortal condition, subject to the will and grace of God. Thus, in His teaching, His miracles, and the example of His life, His death and resurrection He revealed to the world that His Father was the Lord of life and death.

He preached a doctrine that gave



hope to the poor and down trodden of a "more abundant life." He proclaimed to the world that the riches of eternal life were greater than all the riches of the world that moth and rust could corrupt.

Let us, today, consider deeply in our hearts His message of peace and brotherhood. Let us remember His words, "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father, which is in Heaven."

"Peace on earth, goodwill towards men," was the message of the angels at His birth. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," was His parting gift to His disciples. Those who have that peace in their hearts will not be worried by threats of war, or atom bombs.

May His blessing of peace and grace attend you, and His Spirit watch over you as you seek to "walk in the light of God." Let us not just sing His praises at this season of the year, but try to live the kind of life He lived at all times. In this way we honour the "Prince of Peace" and His Father always.

**W**E once again celebrate the Christmas festival, and as we do so it is fitting that we should pause and think of its significance—the commemoration of the birth of Christ, the Son of the living God. He is the Lamb that was "slain from the foundation of the world," whose death was foreshadowed in the lamb sacrificed by Abel, and also by the burnt offerings of the Hebrews. The destiny of man depends on his acceptance of this sacrifice, which became an event in the history of the world over 1,900 years ago.

If the world had been left without a revelation of the reality of the Eternal God, the world and our lives would have been without either meaning or purpose. It is only as we sense His presence in the universe

## Stranded in "40-below" weather

(Continued from page 16)

trated. The girls sat on their feet to warm them. Then they huddled together under the blanket, and it began to shake in response to their shivering.

Does God answer specific prayer?

The frost on our front windshield began to twinkle as its surface was hit by a beam of light. Then hundreds of little diamonds danced before our eyes as the headlights from behind us grew brighter. The answer had come.

And it was specifically the right

one. A large, late model car occupied by the driver only, a first rate heater and buffalo robes. What a combination for a frost bitten crew! And he was heading directly for our home town.

As I climbed into the front seat the red upholstery appeared as cheery as a fireplace. The glow reflected the one in my heart. It was the realization to which my lips gave happy testimony. Hallelujah! God does answer the prayer of the needy, and specifically!



# From an Arctic Diary

Christmas morning. I translated Silent Night into Eskimo and we have sung it nearly all day. The children have beautiful soft voices and love to sing. Even up here the tapestry of Christmas can be woven into the life of the Eskimo because its colours never fade and the road to Bethlehem leads from any part of the world.

Man has made a gaudy pageant of Christmas with trimmings that almost dazzle. God made it a humble event of such beauty that we feel meek when we read of it. There was no fanfare when Christ entered the world and no bells rang out the glad tidings. But an angel heralded the event and man has bent the knee at this season wherever the Child is worshipped.

We are in the middle of our long Arctic night. It seems an age since we last saw the sun. We have a period of 138 days of almost total darkness. But we have the stars, millions of them. Right above us the north star shines. Far below us, in the centre of Baffin Island, the northern lights dance across the sky.

This morning I took Acoutama,

a girl of twelve, and her little brother some distance out on the ice. We stood and looked across the vast frozen solitude. I felt that I was taking part in a divine fairy story, that this was but the fragment of a Christmas dream. I felt very close to God. It is a glorious thing that Christmas comes once a year, it has a power to add to our faith.

Little Eeka carried a doll in his hand made from caribou skins. On the way back to the settlement we made a creche among the ice and placed the doll in it for the Christ child. Acoutama looked so pleased. She pointed to the north star shining over us and said, "Gee sue see (Jesus)." It is by such humble means that God enters the heart of man.

We had a meal of pabulum this morning and will have another of boiled fish tonight. Food has been scarce in this district but we have not known actual hunger. There was even a bit extra for the dogs today. So it has been a very happy Christmas Day after all, for where God guides, He provides.

Ivan Sheroffski

**D**ECEMBER 25th. This is Christmas day. Yesterday the thermometer registered 63 below. Today it is not quite so cold as at noon it was only 42 below. There is not much we can do when it is that cold. Last evening I gathered a few of the children together and told them the story of the first



## PUT CHRIST INTO CHRISTMAS

**P**UT Christ into Christmas,  
In every pure way,  
Remembering 'twas Jesus  
Who gave us this Day—  
A day for rejoicing  
All others above,  
While Christians are voicing  
Their feelings of love.

There cannot be Christmas,  
Where Christ is left out;  
The peace that He gives us,  
Within and without,  
No angels to sing of  
Good will unto men;  
No thought of divine love;  
No light to shine in!

Put Christ into Christmas,  
In gifts on the tree;  
He'll seal all the presents  
With "Done unto Me."  
He'll add to the pleasure,  
Direct from His store—  
A love without measure,  
A peace to endure.

Put Christ into Christmas,  
So happy and real,  
The Spirit He gives us,  
Our neighbours shall feel  
Not just in December,  
But ALL THE YEAR THROUGH!  
And, O friend, remember  
What Christ means to YOU!

—Albert E. Elliott.

## Christmas among the Hillfolk

(Continued from page 14)

passed us in the courthouse. Jim here said, "Tom, you notice that lady who just passed? That's Magnolia Pearl, the trash picker."

"I'll bet you a coke it isn't," I told him. "Wait'll she comes back, and we'll ask."

"God's truth, Miss Mary, if The Salvation Army never did anything else for this city, that's worth every penny we could ever invest. You got any special needs lately?"

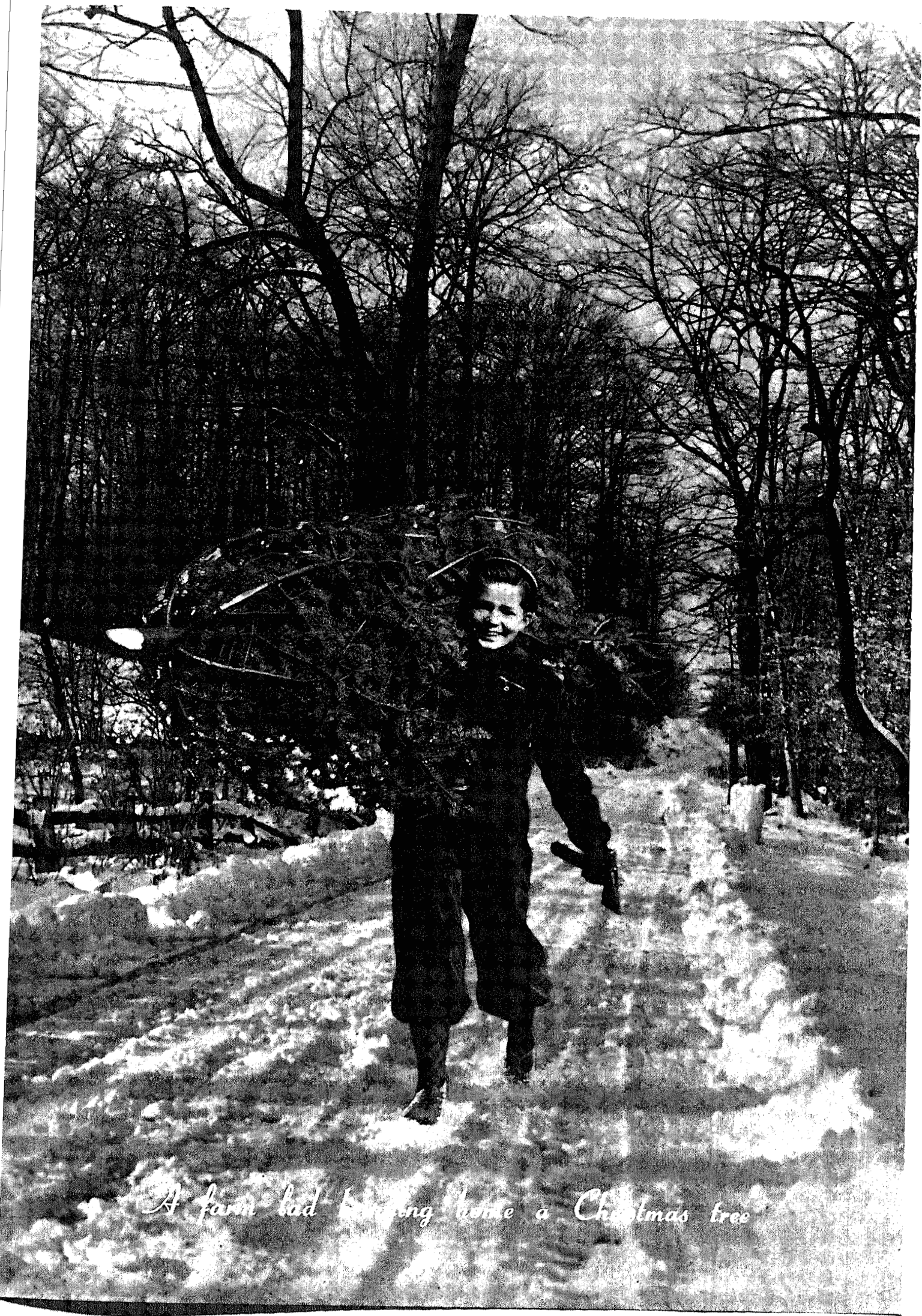
Mary gulped, her flesh and blood high-jumping straight up from her bones.

"Why, thank you, gentlemen. Yes, we've many needs. Magnolia Pearl is a miracle, and God wants to work lots of others."

Momentarily, she was quiet, thinking how God figured His own way out of her money problem, but, more especially, she was thinking how He seemed set on using Mary Peacock, as His missionary.

Then she told those gentlemen plenty, that Irish smile turned up like a searchlight.—*The War Cry, Atlanta, U.S.A.*





*A farm lad bringing home a Christmas tree*

## *Home for the New Year*



*Salvation Army officers are far too busy making their underprivileged charges happy in children's homes or other centres to be able to spend Christmas at home - or at the home of their parents - but some manage to "make it" for the New Year. The picture shows the old couple, who have given up their son or daughter for the life-time task of a full-time Salvationist worker, rejoicing in this opportunity of seeing John or Margaret and the children again, if only for a few hours. It looks as though other relatives are arriving, so there will be a grand reunion. There is no happiness so great as that which comes from helping others, and one's leisure hours are all the sweeter when they come.*